

# BETTINA GERARD--CHAMPAGNE--RUIN.

Washington, 1887.

Beauty Plucked Off Her Slipper at the End of a Dinner and Dared an Officer to Drink It Full of Wine at One Breath.

ONE of the small cots in the woman's ward at Bellevue Hospital, propped up with pillows that are no whiter than her face, lies Bettina Gerard, a woman of Fate—a broken butterfly. Once a society favorite in Washington, a recognized belle, young and beautiful, she has travelled the pace that kills, and a cot in Bellevue is the end.

All about her is silence—silence that rings through her brain, and down the empty corridors of her soul, along which are scattered the dead loves and flowers of a foolish existence.

And all about her are the pungent

knowledge of deportment was all that could be desired. At the age of eighteen Bettina Ordway had learned all that is necessary to carry a girl successfully through the social whirlpools of the world, and one day she was informed that she was to have a "coming out" party.

Here at last was the gateway of her dreams, beyond which were gauds and splendors and loves and lures, the follies and follies to which she had so long looked forward.

And Bettina Ordway went about the house singing bird-fashion, laughing, and feeling in her heart the dawn of the triumphs she was to enjoy later on.

## CHAPTER II.

AN OLD-FASHIONED colonial mansion ablaze with light; music swells from under the palms in the conservatory, and the broad, spacious rooms are filled with handsome men and fashionably dressed women.

It is Bettina Ordway's "coming out" party. She stands at the foot of the stairs, a brilliantly beautiful girl, the center of a group of flatterers.

This is the beginning. The young girl's eyes sparkle, her face is aglow; she is the incarnation of riotous life. Men whom she has known by name as being social leaders have bowed before her and have told her that she is beautiful.

After her "coming out" party Bettina Ordway became the belle of the younger set in Washington. Her confidence in herself and in her beauty grew with each succeeding function. She numbered her admirers by the score, and to each one for a time she would accord the most meaning

glances of those wonderful eyes and her most charming smiles.

In time Bettina Ordway began to formulate a code of ethics of her own. She became utterly careless of the opinions of her own sex. Men admired her and women envied her, furiously and maliciously. There was a new and dangerous fire in her eyes. Always lively and full of coquetry, she became almost reckless.

At music, dinner or out she was still a queen, and surely the queen can do no wrong. At least this was Bettina Ordway's way of thinking. She was still a good girl, in the worldly acceptance of the term.

During all this time there was no man who could truthfully say that he had a claim on Bettina Ordway's heart. All beaux looked alike to her. She was a born coquette, and dined with all of them with a sort of soulless impartiality.

Two years after her debut in Washington society she was unknown outside the capital city, except to various members of the Senate and House who had mingled in the social circles of the capital city.

But a day came when the name of Bettina Ordway rang from Texas to Maine and from New York to San Francisco.

She had gone to the White Sulphur Springs for the summer. Always popular with Washington people, the resort was awash with social functions given by Miss Ordway's friends. At every one of these she was the recognized belle.

Once there was a banquet given to the members of a foreign legion. Miss Ordway was there, and as usual she was the light that attracted a brilliant circle of devotees.

A young man attached to the French Embassy and who had shown considerable

attention to Miss Ordway during the season sat opposite her.

At the conclusion of the banquet and when the guests were rising from the table a young man who sat with Miss Ordway began to jest about the attentions of the Frenchman.

"I have never seen such devotion," he said, "at least not in anybody's eyes. It may be all a sham, however. Do you think it is real, Miss Ordway?"

"Real?" replied Miss Ordway; "how can you be so ungallant as to suggest such a thing? Why, of course, it's real!"

"Well," returned the young man, "he is as gallant as yet, but he may become famous some day."

Then into Miss Ordway's eyes flashed that spirit of diablerie that has controlled most of her actions since.

"I will make him famous now," she said. Then after fumbling with her hands under the table for a moment she held aloft a small satin slipper.

"Here, waiter," she said, "just fill this with wine, if you please."

The phlegmatic waiter solemnly poured the wine as requested. Miss Ordway handed the novel bumper to the Frenchman.

"Will you drink my health, M'sieu?" she asked.

A blush fell upon the room. Everybody looked at the young Frenchman. Everybody picked up a glass. He was blushing from his neck to the roots of his hair. His embarrassment was an agony.

A less courteous man with a less enchanting temptress might have refused; but for Bettina Ordway? Dlen! who could have been so ungallant?

Miss Ordway's eyes were turned upon him and were burning into his very soul. He hesitated for one brief moment, and then—true to his country—he took the slip-

Bellevue, 1897.

Beauty, Plucked of All Health and Friends and Loveliness, Now Lies Sick Unto Death on a Charity Cot.

per, lifted it to his lips with a "votre sante" and drank.

It was done so seriously, yet withal so gracefully, that for a moment criticism was disarmed.

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## CHAPTER IV.

ONE morning after a late racket with some cronies Bettina Gerard awoke with a violent headache. At 11 o'clock she had an engagement at rehearsal. She arose and picked up a sheet of music and started to sing.

Her voice was gone forever. She could not sing a note.

So Bettina Gerard lost her engagement. Then she plunged deeper than ever into the vortex.

Her father gave her \$25 a week, but had long since renounced her.

In the early part of 1896 she broke down completely and was sent to a private sanitarium in this city.

The treatment restored her health to a considerable extent. She had not been out of the asylum a week before Mrs. Philip Schuyler, an actress, looking for her husband, broke in the door of Bettina Gerard's apartments and found him there.

There was another scandal, but Bettina Gerard had gone too far on her route to care a rap. Mrs. Schuyler procured a divorce.

One night in the Spring of last year General Ordway came to New York to see his daughter. He found her with Schuyler in an uptown hotel. He persuaded her to leave the country, offering to settle \$100 a month on her so long as she should remain in foreign lands.

Upon the Saturday following Bettina Gerard and Philip Schuyler sailed for Europe on the steamship *Alber*.

Bettina had made up her mind to obey her father, simply because she had lost her voice, and could do nothing else. She broke her word.

A few months ago there came down the gangplank of a Liverpool steamer a pale, worn woman with lustreless eyes and languid step. It was Bettina Gerard. She had run her race. All her old friends had flitted away to other pleasures and other loves. She was forgotten.

She hired a furnished room uptown, where she remained until she became so ill that she had to be removed to a sanitarium.

From this place she was taken to Bellevue hopelessly paralyzed, the doctors say.

They may pull her through, but if Bettina Gerard ever returns to the alcoholic or morphine habits she can not live two weeks.

Will this fact deter the broken butterfly should she ever come out of Bellevue?

It will not.

## A Famous Old Roman Estate to Be Sold.

The historic Nemi estate, sixteen miles from Rome, is to be sold at auction. Here is a fine chance for an American millionaire to possess one of the most interesting country places in the world.

It was in these woods that the ancient Romans worshipped Diana. Here also is the fountain sacred to Egeria and the crevice in the rock where Numa is said to have consulted that lovely nymph. Right here, too, are the ruins of a magnificent villa which Julius Caesar started to build with the intention of inhabiting it when his need of repose and quiet. Vitellius also spent his leisure hours here, as did also many of the ancients.

But it was Tiberius, the second Emperor of Rome, one of the greatest all-around secondhands in history, and a superlative voluptuary, who gives the Nemi estate its greatest interest. In the Nemi Lake are sunk the two famous pleasure trimmers of the Emperor, each of them as big as a modern battle ship, and from the meagre investigations made it is believed that they hold riches that would pay off the debts of the Prince Orsini, who owns the property, one hundred times over.

It was probably in the first years of his reign that Tiberius departed into the most ordinary vicissitudes of pleasure to the most violent excesses. It was then that he conceived the scheme of building the floating palaces on Lake Nemi, where, with Pomponius Plancus, Lucius Piso and other voluptuaries, he could delve into the vilest slacks of iniquity without interference. It was while inhabiting these lake palaces that human blood became an essential concomitant of his pleasures.

But the debaucheries practised on the trimmers were merely primary to those indulged in when he changed his abode to Capri. Here his favorite amusement was the torture of the young, and his daily pleasure was to stand at the bottom of a high cliff and watch the dying agonies of youths and maidens whom hired assassins threw down from the summit of the cliff.

## Making Coffee That Is Not Coffee.

For many years chicory has been known to the world only as an adulterant of coffee, with all that the term implies. Now, with all that the term implies, a United States Consul in Germany warns the importers of chicory in the United States of a bona chicory made of burned beet roots which is being extensively shipped to this country.

A French Consular report will serve to throw further doubt upon the genuineness of the national cup of coffee as served in restaurants by its announcement of the discovery in Paris in wholesale quantities of bogus or artificial coffee berries. The berries seized by the police were entirely artificial. Chemical analysis showed the presence of ash, gum, dextrine, etc. Under the microscope grains of wheat, starch and vegetable debris were traceable, also the hair of animals, the nature of which could not be decided.

## -THE CHAMPAGNE TOAST WHICH SHOCKED SOCIETY



odor of strange medicines and the moans of women whose lives have been humbler but far happier than hers. Pah! Out upon them! Let us forget. Bring wine and flowers and music! Dum vivamus, vivamus!

The sick woman, with the spirit of old dreams upon her, strives to raise her arm. It is moveless. She sighs and turns her face to the wall, murmuring, "O, Death, where is thy sting?"

Bettina Gerard is paralyzed and helpless, and can only await patiently a death that is to come, soon and inevitably. She lies staring at the bare walls about her, face to face with her past. There is no getting away from memory now.

Fifteen years of a rose-colored and flower-scented whirlwind, and then—death. Finally a gravestone whereon is carved nothing—nothing but her maiden name, and the date of her death. That will be the end of all.

## CHAPTER I.

BETTINA GERARD is the daughter of General Albert Ordway, commander of the militia of the District of Columbia, and the agent of the Hotchkiss Arms Company at the national capital. He is a veteran of the war and was once the Chief of Ordnance of the United States Government.

A Southerner by birth, General Ordway comes of a family whose name is a household word for all that birth, culture and refinement imply.

So much for the family of this brilliant but broken butterfly.

The aunts at the convent at Georgetown will tell you that Betty Gerard was wild, but harmless. She loved fun for fun's sake. She played practical jokes. She played ghost and scared the other girls. She could sing like an angel and whistle like a thrush.

During this period of polishing off, and previous to her entire into society, Bettina Ordway studied hard and earnestly to acquire the accomplishments that have since stood her in good stead, whether in social intercourse or on the stage.

She became an accomplished pianist. She could dance like a fairy. She could speak French and German fluently, and her

glances of those wonderful eyes and her most charming smiles.

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bent of her inclinations. She made her debut in a small opera company, touring the West. Then it was wine, wine, wine, morning, noon and night. Flattery, pleasing and insidious, late hours, late suppers and morning headaches. What a whirl it was.

From company to company she flitted like a butterfly. Her father made the noble efforts of a noble man to stay her progress, but the girl whirled on. Loving nobody, coquetting with everybody, Bettina Gerard became known as one of the most reckless exotics of the stage.

Once out in St. Louis the leading tenor of the company with which Bettina was playing was stabbed in the throat by the husband of another actress.

The name of the man stabbed was Jack Raffael. It is said that pity melts the mind to love. Here was a handsome singer suffering for his amours. The situation appealed to Bettina. She married him.

Six months afterward one Sunday evening, when the company was playing in Baltimore, Bettina Gerard took the train over to Washington, her old home. She went to the old church where her family worshipped.

She walked slowly up the aisle to a front seat. The news ran all over the congregation like wildfire. She was paler than formerly, older and more insouciant. She looked at her old friends. They stared at her, stony-eyed and cold.

Again the old spirit of utter recklessness pervaded her soul. She smiled with bitter gallantry at those about her. Then she looked up at the choir and deliberately winked.

Horrors! The wink came in the midst of a hymn. It disintegrated the music. The minister perceiving the cause had Miss Gerard quietly removed from the church.

More reckless than ever, Bettina Gerard plunged headlong into a vortex of frivolity. She had long since squandered whatever money her ex-husband Padelord had given her.

She came to this city, and registered at the then Gledney House.

One day she heard that Arthur Padelord was stopping at the Victoria Hotel. She procured a revolver, and taking a cab at 10 o'clock at night, proceeded to the Victoria. She had only \$25 with her. She registered and was assigned a room at \$12 a day. She squandered all but \$2 for wine, which she drank in solitary state, priming herself for an encounter with her former husband.

In the early hour of the morning she bribed the bell boy with her last \$2 to show her Padelord's rooms.

Mr. Padelord's valet had inadvertently left the door unlocked. Miss Gerard walked unceremoniously into the room, and the first thing that her ex-husband realized, the muzzle of a cold revolver was pressing against his temple.

"Now," said Bettina as the frightened man awoke, "I want \$20,000. If you don't give it to me, away you go."

Padelord leaped out of bed and there was a violent struggle. He forced Miss Gerard out into the hall, keeping the revolver. She hurled herself against the door in a vain attempt to break it down.

The clerks and bell boys rallied to the rescue. So did the proprietor. He was in evening dress, and the maid Betty gazed upon him kindly.

"You are a gentleman," she said; "let me go to my room and I will be good."

The following day, in her room at the Gledney House, Bettina was afflicted with a large head and an aching body, the result of the previous night's struggle.

A few weeks later she got a divorce from Raffael. For six months or more she became entangled with one actor or another, always renouncing them eventually for a newer infatuation.

She appeared in "Old Kentucky" and scored quite a hit.

Next she married John Harrison Wolf, an actor. In a short time this marriage was followed by another divorce, after which she married another actor named William Beach. In the earlier part of her career she had toured Europe, where she had many adventures.

Beach did not last long. She left him and threw rumors of her engagements to other men. She made plenty of money and spent it lavishly, but the end was inevitable. She was on the toboggan, and for a woman of her nature there was no going back.

It did not take her long to follow the